

THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"VISITING EVERY FLOWER WITH LABOUR MEET,
AND GATHERING ALL ITS TREASURES, SWEET BY SWEET."

VOL. I.....NEW SERIES.]

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 6, 1813.

[NO. 44.]

Epistolary Correspondence.

(Continued from our last.)

LORD COLVILLE TO MRS. COLVILLE.

London, Oct. 21.

AS you my dearest mother, have so frequently enforced the necessity of making my inclination subservient to the duties of life, I am persuaded the reasons I am going to assign for not flying upon the wings of filial affection to Colville castle will meet with your approbation.

I will not enter into a detail of the circumstances which have occurred since I had the pleasure of addressing you, or delineate the various characters which are assembled together in a man of war; it is sufficient to observe, that a midshipman, of the name of O'Neal, had conducted himself in so disrespectful a manner, that the captain, three weeks previous to our coming to the action, (mentioned in my former letter,) put him under arrest. That he is naturally brave, all his messmates are willing to testify; and that he had not an opportunity of evincing his courage, drove him to extremities; in short, during the whole of the engagement, his rage at not being able to prove his valour, led him to utter the most insolent and, I may add, mutinous remarks against the captain. These remarks were related to our commander, and I fear, or rather hope, exaggerated; the consequence is, he is to be tried by a court-martial, and he has implored me to aid him in his defence. Subordination on board a ship is so absolutely necessary, that without it the officers would be in actual danger of their lives; and if those who ought to set an example of obedience become refractory, it is an actual licence to the sailors to pursue the same mode of conduct. O'Neal had behaved with disrespect to the captain, in the presence of the greater part of the crew, which induced him to act with a greater degree of severity than if the offence had been committed in a less conspicuous part of the ship. That he will be superseded, there is no doubt; and had he to deal with a man of less humanity than Captain B——d, certainly would be broke; but so far is he from wishing to blast the future prospects of this hot-headed Irishman, that he joined his intreaties that I should wait the issue of the trial. As five days were to intervene, and no magnet attracted me to Portsmouth, I resolved to give my dear Louisa what I considered would be an agreeable surprise; and, without giving her the slightest hint of my intention, drove up to Doctor Douglass's door about ten o'clock yesterday morning. A servant, to whom my person was unknown, opened it; and before I could inquire either for the lady of the mansion or my sister, said, "Sir, my mistress is extremely unwell, and has not been able to see any company since last Tuesday."

I was truly hurt at this account, as you may imagine; but interrupting him, expressed a

hope Miss Colville was not ill; at the same time pressing forward to the drawing-room, without giving him time to announce my name.

My Louisa's back being towards the door, she did not see me enter; I flew forward, impelled by fraternal affection, and, encircling her in my arms, tenderly embraced her, without uttering a word.

A high finished lady of ton, I am persuaded, would either have thought it necessary to faint, or fall into an hysterical fit, had such an ungallant son of Neptune, in the fulness of natural affection, taken a sister by surprise. Not so my dear Louisa; though the sudden transition of her expressive countenance convinced me I had consulted my own feelings rather than hers; the embrace, however, was warmly returned, with an exclamation of, "Thank God, you are safe, my beloved brother!"

The satisfaction I had felt at surprising my sister, made me totally indifferent to all forms of politeness; and I blush at acknowledging, that though a young lady was breakfasting with her, I neither testified towards her good-breeding or respect. Louisa, however, soon recalled me to a sense of propriety, by saying, "My dear Edward, we ought to apologize to my friend." Then turning to Lady Charlotte Clements, "Will you permit affection to plead as an excuse for want of politeness? and allow me to introduce that brother, whose amiable qualities have so often been the theme of my discourse." This artless and unstudied introduction, not only raised a blush in mine but Lady Charlotte's expressive face; and so completely was I thrown off my guard by it, that I knew not exactly what reply her ladyship made; though I am persuaded it was something flattering to my sister as well as myself.

In less than half an hour, Lady Charlotte and myself appeared as well acquainted as if we had known each other from childhood; in fact, my dearest mother, you have persuaded me our souls are congenial, or rather, our tastes similar; and when that is the case, time is not necessary to form an intimacy. Lady Charlotte certainly is one of the most interesting young women I ever was in company with; notwithstanding which, had I never heard any traits of her private virtues, I should have mingled her amongst the number of my common acquaintance; of course, thought her polished and pleasing, but never entertained an idea of making her my wife. Louisa's epistolary description of her intrinsic value led me, however, (if I may use the expression,) to draw her forth: we spent the greater part of yesterday together, and I esteem and admire, without being in love.

Mrs. Douglass was no sooner made acquainted with my arrival, than she summoned my sister into her bed-room, for the purpose of desiring her to detain me a prisoner in the house, until she had received Sir Walter Farguhar's permission to quit her chamber: "but allowing," said she, "the doctor should prove inexorable, I do not believe the scandalous Chronicle would condemn me if I receive him

in my dressing-room: and as Lady Charlotte has promised to pass the day with us, I do not think our party will be altogether dull."

The doctor entered just as his patient had made the declaration, and gave it as his opinion, that society, instead of injuring, would aid the effect of his medicines; yet recommended that, instead of venturing into the dining-parlour, the dressing-room should be the scene of rational conversation. You will recollect, my dear mother, the appellation I used to give that apartment, namely, that it was the seat of Science; and when I looked at Lady Charlotte and my beloved Louisa, there wanted but a third Hebe, to convert it into the abode of the Graces. The amiable Mrs. Douglass, by her elegant and fascinating manners, more than supplied the want of youthful charms, and I may with truth assert, that I never passed a day so completely to my satisfaction.

What a description have you given me of the lost Eliza! lost, in every sense of the word. But what an unfeeling villain is her seducer; it is well for him and me that I am not her brother; for depravity like his should not go unpunished. Poor infatuated, mistaken girl!—though it is considered unmanly to weep, I shed tears as I read the relation. Your first account of her misconduct made me despise—but the second compelled me to pity her. What scorn must she expect to meet with; where can she go, that shame will not follow her? The busy tongue of slander will pursue her into retirement, and the mountains of Wales will re-echo her fall from virtue!

And so poor Sir Henry P—— is fast journeying to that country from whence no traveller returns! The widow and orphan will drop the tear of unfeigned sorrow to his memory, for a more amiable character never existed in the world. The partiality my friends testify, will, I trust, prove an additional stimulus, and make me doubly desirous of meriting their good opinion. I shall with joy embrace their proposal; and, in the course of a fortnight, hope I shall personally assure them of that gratitude which glows in my heart.

I shall only remark, that I never saw my sister look so well, or half so lovely; and I almost wonder the doctor's house is not beset with beaux. She assures me, however, her heart is unaffected by any of the fine speeches which have been made to her; and most sincerely do I hope no impression will be made upon it, before her arrival at the castle. Was I the father of that dear girl, I do not think it possible that I could feel more tenderly interested in her future happiness. I know but one man truly deserving of her—and who that one is I will leave you to guess.

Farewell, my dearest, best of mothers; I shall impatiently count the minutes until I can fly to your arms, and personally assure you of the tender affection of your truly grateful and fondly attached son,

COLVILLE.

(To be continued.)

Seat of the Muses.

Selected for the New-York Weekly Museum.

THE GRAVE.

THERE is a calm for those who weep,
A rest for weary Pilgrims found;
They softly lie and sweetly sleep
Low in the ground.

The storm that wrecks the summer sky,
No more disturbs their deep repose,
Than summer evening's latest sigh,
"That shuts the rose."

I long to lay this painful head
And aching heart beneath the soil,
To slumber in that dreamless bed,
From all my toil.

For misery stole me at my birth,
And cast me helpless on the wild;
I perish, oh my Mother earth,
Take home thy child.

On thy dear lap, these limbs reclin'd,
Shall gently moulder into thee,
And leave no wretched trace behind,
Resembling me.

Hark, a strange sound affrights mine ear;
My pulse, my brain runs wild, I rave;
Ah, who art thou whose voice I hear?
I am the grave!

The grave that never spake before,
Hath found at length a tongue to chide;
Oh, listen, I will speak no more;
Be silent, pride.

Art thou a wretch of hope forlorn,
The victim of consuming care;
Is thy distracted conscience torn
By fell despair?

Do foul misdeeds of former times,
Sting with remorse thy guilty breast,
And ghosts of unforgiven crimes,
Murder thy rest.

Lash'd by the furies of the mind;
From wrath and vengeance would'st thou flee,
Ah, think not, hope not, fool to find,
A friend in me.

By all the terrors of the tomb,
Beyond the power of tongue to tell,
By all the secrets of my womb,
By Death and Hell,

I charge thee live, repent and pray;
In dust thine infamy deplore,
There yet is mercy, go thy way,
And sin no more.

Art thou a mourner, hast thou known,
The joy of innocent delights;
Endearing days forever flown,
And tranquil nights,

Oh, live and deeply cherish still,
The sweet remembrance of the past;
Rely on Heaven's unchanging will,
For peace at last.

Art thou a wand'rer—hast thou seen,
O'erwhelming tempests drown thy bark;
A shipwreck'd suff'rer hast thou been,
Misfortune's mark?

Tho' long of winds and waves the spor;
Condemn'd in wretchedness to roam;
Live, thou shalt find a shel'ring port—
A quiet home.

To friendship did'st thou trust thy fame,
And was thy friend a deadly foe,
Who stole into thy breast to aim
A surer blow?

Live, and repine not o'er his loss,
A loss, unworthy to be told;
Thou hast mistaken sordid dross,
For friendship's gold.

Go seek that pleasure seldom found,
Of power the fiercest griefs to calm,
And soothe the bosom's deepest wound,
With heavenly balm.

In woman hast thou plac'd thy bliss,
And did the fair one faithless prove;
Hath she betray'd thee with a kiss,
And sold thy love?

Live, 'twas a false bewildering fire;
Too often love's insidious dart,
Thrills the fond soul with fierce desire,
But kills the heart.

A nobler flame shall warm thy breast—
A brighter maiden's virtuous charms,
And thou shalt be supremely blest,
In beauty's arms.

What'ere thy lot, who'ere thou be,
Confess thy folly, kiss the rod,
And in thy chastening sorrows see—
The hand of God.

A bruised reed he will not break;
Affliction all his children feel;
He wounds them for his mercy's sake;
He wounds to heal.

Humbled beneath his mighty hand;
Prostrate, his providence adore;
'Tis done, arise, he bids thee stand,
To fall no more.

Now trav'ler, in this vale of tears,
To realms of everlasting light,
Thro' time's dark wilderness of years,
Pursue thy flight.

There is a calm for those who weep,
A rest for weary pilgrims found;
And while the mould'ring ashes sleep,
Low in the ground,

The soul of origin divine;
God's glorious image freed from clay,
In heaven's eternal sphere shall shine,
A star of day.

The sun is but a spark of fire,
A transient meteor in the sky;
The soul, immortal as its sire,
Shall never die.

Mortality.

LEARNING, ITS PROGRESS.

IT had been observed by the ancients, that all the arts and sciences arose among free nations; and that the Persians and Egyptians, notwithstanding all their ease, opulence, and luxury, made but faint efforts towards those finer pleasures, which were carried to such perfection by the Greeks, amidst continual wars, attended with poverty, and the greatest simplicity of manners. It had also been observed, that as soon as the Greeks had lost their liberty, though they increased mightily in riches by the means of the conquests of Alexander, yet the arts, from that moment, declined among them, and have never since been able to raise their head in that climate. Learning was transplanted to Rome, the only free nation at that time in the universe; and having met with so favorable a soil, it made prodigious shoots for above a century; till the decay of liberty produced also a decay of letters, and spread a total barbarism over the world. From these two experiments, of which each was double in its kind, and shewed the fall of learn-

ing in despotic governments, as well as its rise in popular ones, Longinus thought himself sufficiently justified in asserting, that the arts and sciences could never flourish but in a free government; and in this opinion he has been followed by several eminent writers in our country, who either confined their view merely to ancient facts, or entertained too great a partiality in favour of that form of government which is established among us.

But what would these writers have said to the instances of modern Rome and Florence? Of which the former carried to perfection all the finer arts of sculpture, painting, and music, as well as poetry, though they groaned under slavery, and under the slavery of priests; while the latter made the greatest progress in the arts and sciences, after they began to lose their liberty by the usurpations of the family of Medicis. Ariosto, Tasso, Galileo, no more than Raphael and Michael Angelo, were not born in republics. And though the Lombard school was famous as well as the Roman, yet the Venetians have had the smallest share in its honours, and seem rather inferior to the Italians in their genius for the arts and sciences. Rubens established his school at Antwerp, not at Amsterdam; Dresden, not Hamburg, is the center of politeness in Germany.

But the most eminent instance of the flourishing state of learning in despotic governments, is that of France, which scarce ever enjoyed an established liberty, and yet has carried the arts and sciences as near perfection as any other nation. The English are, perhaps, better philosophers; the Italians better painters and musicians; the Romans were better orators; but the French are the only people, except the Greeks, who have been at once philosophers, poets, orators, historians, painters, architects, sculptors, and musicians. With regard to the stage, they have excelled even the Greeks, who have far excelled the English; and in common life they have in a great measure perfected that art, the most useful and agreeable of any, the art of society and conversation.

HUME'S ESSAYS.

Anecdote.

THE BISHOP'S MANTLE CUT SHORT.

THE Bishop of Ermeland lost a great portion of his revenues, in consequence of the occupation of part of Poland by the King of Prussia. Soon after this event, in the year 1773 he waited on his Majesty at Potsdam; when the King asked him, if he could, after what had happened, still have any friendship for him?—"Sire!" said the good prelate, "I shall never forget my duty, as a good subject, to my sovereign."—"I am," replied the King, "still your very good friend: and likewise presume much on your friendship towards me; for, should St. Peter refuse my entrance into Paradise, I hope you will have the goodness to hide me under your mantle, and take me in along with you."—"Sire!" returned the Bishop, "that will, I fear, scarcely be possible: your Majesty has cut it too short, to admit of my carrying any contraband goods beneath it."

THE MUSEUM,

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COLVILLE.

(To be continued.)

PETER THE GREAT.

[Concluded from our last.]

To put in practice what he learned among foreign nations, for the benefit of his country, he established many kinds of manufactures in Russia, invited skilful foreigners thither, and sent young Russians to other countries to be instructed in the arts and sciences. On their return he examined them respecting what they had learned, and if he found them to be well informed, he gave them good situations; if not, he employed them in the most laborious and despicable offices. He still continued to work, either at the trade of a carpenter, or at that of a turner; or at some other. You may judge of his bodily strength, when I tell you that, going one day with his retinue to a blacksmith's, he forged upwards of seven hundred pounds of iron. You may imagine too that he was highly diverted with the awkwardness and grimaces of his courtiers, who were obliged to bring him coal, to keep up the fire, and blow the great bellows. When he had done he received his wages for the day, and with the money bought a pair of shoes; on which he observed that he had certainly a good right to the shoes, for he had earned them. His love of the arts induced him to undertake a second tour, in which he behaved as on the former occasion. He went to Denmark, and afterwards to Holland and France. When at Paris, he told the Duke of Orleans, then regent of the kingdom, he had not come to that city for amusement, but to inspect the monuments, the manufactories, the arsenals, the hospitals, and other public institutions: he therefore requested him to give orders for all those things to be shewn him, if he wished to do him a pleasure. From the following anecdotes you may infer how attentive Peter was to the most trifling circumstances. Riding one day through a village in the neighbourhood of Paris, he saw a man dressed in black, working in a garden. He inquired who it was, and being informed that it was the rector of the parish, he alighted from his horse, went to the clergyman, and expressed his astonishment that he should employ himself in such humble occupations. The rector replied, that the exercise was wholesome, and that his labour contributed in some measure to his subsistence, as his living was far from being a rich one. Peter immediately made a memorandum in his pocket-book of the name of the rector, and the village where he resided; saying, that the worthy pastor would serve as a pattern to the clergy of his country. On another occasion, passing through a small town, he perceived at an inn, a padlock of superior workmanship. Peter, who was a competent judge of mechanical performances, inquired who made this padlock; went to the man and invited him to settle at Petersburg. During his stay at Paris, he attended a meeting of the academy of sciences at Paris, and was admitted a member of that society. On his return to Russia, he sent to the academy, as a testimony of his gratitude and esteem, two charts, drawn with his own hand, from surveys by himself. One of them, representing the extent of the Caspian Sea, is now preserved in the imperial library at Paris. During his travels he never failed to visit the tombs of great men, and there to express his veneration for their memory. On seeing at Paris the monument of Cardinal Richelieu, one of the greatest statesmen of France, he embraced his statue,

exclaiming:—"Great man! Oh! that thou wert now living! I would give thee one half of my dominions to teach me to govern the other!" Travelling through Saxony, he stopped at Wirtemberg, where he went to see Luther's tomb in the chapel of the castle, and afterwards desired to be shown the house in which that reformer had resided. On departing he wrote his name *Pitr*, according to the orthography of the Russian language, on one of the walls, which is still to be seen; for care has been taken to surround the spot with a tin case, to which is affixed a small grating. But the most remarkable circumstance in Peter's life, is the founding of Petersburg, in a place where there was then nothing but a few fishermen's huts: now, that is to say, a century afterwards, the site of one of the largest and finest cities in Europe. Peter the Great neglected nothing to insure the prosperity of this new colony, allure foreign merchants to it, and cause the arts and trade to flourish there. There is still to be seen on a little island of the Neva, a small house of wood, which Peter ordered to be built for himself, in 1703; and in one of the public squares of Petersburg is the fine statue of that great man, erected upon a block of granite, twenty-two feet high and forty-three long; which being found in a morass six miles from the city, and weighing near four millions of pounds, was removed to the spot where it now stands, by means of very ingenious machines.

Such are some of the anecdotes of the life of that great man, whose ardent thirst of knowledge may afford an useful lesson and pattern to persons of every rank in life.

THE OLD MAID'S ORDEAL.

A VISION.

(Continued from our last.)

I SHALL, however, mention a few particulars, for the satisfaction of the curious, and the contemplation of those individually concerned.

The first who presented herself at the bar, had long exceeded her climacterick. She had been beautiful when young, and possessed many suitors, all of whom she lost, through haughtiness; however, when her charms were in the wane, and she found herself deserted; repenting her folly, she employed every art to recal those who had forsaken her, but in vain; and, as she could never be persuaded she was growing old, practised at fifty-six all the airs of sixteen; till death, in pity, relieved her from a state of anxiety and despair. She was condemned to wander behind the *Lovers Paradise*; to be witness to bliss she had foolishly forfeited, and which she could now never taste.

The next was a lady who had been both agreeable and rich, but who confessed, that she had never but two offers in her life; both of which she refused—the one was from a professed rake; and the other, from a man whose anxious devotion was attracted by her wealth. Chastity, commending her discretion and spirit, consigned her to the keeper of the *Virgins Elysium*.

She was succeeded by two, successively: the one a lady of *Quality*; and the other, of *Quantity*. They had both rejected all their lovers; the one, because she had never met with any of *equal rank* with herself; and the other, in consequence of experiencing the same thing relative to *fortune*. They were laughed at by the whole court; and Hymen observed,

with indignation that to such notions were owing the many miserable unions which had given occasion for reflections on his profession. They were sent to the *Paradise of Fools*; with orders for their crimes to be written indelibly on their foreheads, whence it was supposed they would become eternal objects of ridicule, even to that inconsistent assembly.

A lady, with an air of bewitching good nature, now came forward. She was born rich; and had chosen a single life, in order to dispose of her fortune in portioning several poor, but worthy couples; she had, through a long life, the unspeakable pleasure of contemplating the scenes of happiness she had given rise to, and now claimed the reward of her unparalleled disinterestedness. Hymen, notwithstanding she had added so many to the number of his adherents, regretted the loss of her; observing, "that she must, as a wife, have reflected such an honour on wedlock, as to have retrieved, probably, all the reputation he had lost." Chastity, however, thinking her a proper companion for herself, entreated her, before she entered Elysium, to join her on the bench, and assist in trying the remaining causes.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE AMOROUS PHILOSOPHER.

AN ARABIAN TALE.

A CERTAIN philosopher had a very ample collection of all the tricks and stratagems the fair sex is conversant in; he carried the book continually about him, and he fancied by it that he should be secure from the wiles of all enchanting females. One day travelling, he passed near a camp of Arabs of the desert, and a young Arabian woman invited him in so obliging a manner to repose himself in her tent, that he could not well refuse the favour; the lady's husband was then absent. The philosopher was scarce seated, when, to guard against charms, which he began to be in some dread of, he took out his book, and seemed very attentive in reading it. The lady, piqued at this apparent disdain, said to him—That book must be very interesting, being the only thing here worthy to fix your attention. May I ask you of what science it treats? I am the author of it, answered the philosopher; it contains secrets which it is not proper to divulge. I thought, replied the lady, that books were written for no other purpose than to be made public. Of what significance is it to be learned, if knowledge is confined to one's self? Want of communication of the kind is a sort of robbery committed on society. You are very right, said the philosopher; but the subject matter of this book is not within the comprehension of the female intellects. You entertain a very indifferent opinion of women's wit, said the offended lady; the Prophet has treated us more favourably than you do, and he has not excluded us paradise.

The philosopher's refusal excited more and more the lady's curiosity, and she was so earnest for being informed, that he at last told her, I am, indeed, the author of the book, but its substance is not mine; it contains all the tricks which women have invented; and it would not be worth while to read to you your own work. What! all and every one of their tricks? said the lady. Yes, all, answered the philosopher, and it is by studying them, I have learned to be no longer afraid of the sex. It must then

be a very singular book, replied she, smiling; believe me, great philosopher, you attempt a thing impossible, you only put water into a sieve.

The coquetish and vindictive lady, waving a further parley on the matter, glanced suddenly such vivid beams of amorous transports from her bright eyes on the pretended sage, that he soon forgot his book, and all the tricks it contained. Behold now in our philosopher the most passionate of men; the shaft struck deep, and he owned himself wounded. The Arabian lady, enchanted to see that he had made a voluntary offering of himself to her vengeance, seemed to listen to him favourably; and he already conceived the most flattering hopes, when she perceived at some distance her husband: We are undone, said she to her new lover; my husband will certainly surprise us; what will become of me? He is the most jealous and brutal of all men; in the name of the Prophet, hide yourself in that chest.

The philosopher, seeing no other practicable resource for saving himself, got into the chest, which the lady locked upon him, and put the key in her pocket. She afterwards went to meet her husband, and dined with him. Dinner over, seeing him in good humour: I must relate to you, said she to him, a very singular adventure. A sort of philosopher came this day into my tent, who pretends to have collected in a book all the cheats our sex is capable of. The false sage made love to me; I listened to him; he is young, lovely, pressing, and you came but just in time to support my tottering virtue.

Figure to yourself, at these words, the husband's rage, who was really of a jealous and morose temper. The philosopher, who had heard all from his chest, might well execrate from his heart his book, women, and jealous husbands. Where lurks the villain, said the husband to the wife; him or thee, this moment will I immolate to my vengeance. The crafty wife, feigning great consternation, shewed him the chest and presented the key to him. On the point of opening it, she said to him, bursting into a fit of laughter, pay me, you have lost "diadeste," another time be less curious, and have a better memory.

The husband thinking himself very fortunate that the alarm was false, returned the key to his spouse; paid her all that she asked, and went his way, praying her to rouse no more in such a manner his fears of infidelity.

The young lady then took the philosopher out of the chest, where he was more dead than alive. Good Sir, said she to him, forget not this TRICK—it deserves a place in your Collection.

ANECDOTE.

The following Anecdote we select from Melish's Travels in the United States (a very valuable work just published.) The occurrence took place on lake Ontario, not long ago.

A farmer who lived on the lake shore, observing a bear crossing a bay, was anxious to kill him. He ran to his skiff, and without reflecting that he had no weapon but his paddle, worked his way to the bear, who immediately sprung into the skiff, and, to the great terror of the farmer, very deliberately sat down on the bow in front of him. The farmer, after some reflection, determined to carry him back, and attempted to turn the boat; but the bear made

an advance to prevent him, and the boat, impelled by the wind, having gained its first position, the bear again very quietly took his seat on the bow. The farmer made a second and a third attempt, with always the same result; and perceiving that when the boat went the way the bear was swimming he was quiet, he very prudently determined to reach the land in that direction. He accordingly rowed on, and when he was within a few feet of the shore, the black passenger leaped out, to its great satisfaction; equalled, or probably surpassed by that of its ferryman the farmer.

Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK:
SATURDAY, MARCH 6, 1813.

WEEKLY RETROSPECT.

By the ship *Fingal*, arrived at this port in 43 days from Liverpool, whence she sailed the 13th of January, very important advices have been received. A London paper of the 10th of January contains the Declaration of the Prince Regent, relative to the American Declaration of War; the great length of which precludes the possibility of its insertion in our abstract. On the great question about seamen, the Prince says, "he can never admit that in the exercise of the undoubted and hitherto undisputed right of searching neutral merchant vessels in time of war, the impressment of British seamen, when found therein, can be deemed any violation of a neutral flag. Neither can he admit, the taking such seamen from on board such vessels, can be considered by any Neutral State as a hostile measure, or a justifiable cause of war."

"There is no right more clearly established, than the right which a Sovereign has to the allegiance of his subjects, more especially in time of war.—Their allegiance is no optional duty, which they can decline, and resume at pleasure. It is a call which they are bound to obey: it began with their birth, and can only be terminated with their existence."

Yesterday the ship *Mary Terry*, arrived here from London, and brings papers to the 17th January. By this arrival we have a confirmation of the destruction of the French Grand Army. It states, that General Kutousoff has issued a Proclamation to the Poles, offering clemency, and states that it was his Imperial Majesty's intention that a new organization of Poland should take place. For this purpose, the Emperor left Petersburg for Wilna on the 13th—that the total return of prisoners, &c. in the Russian War Office, up to the 3d Dec. was 146,000, among whom were 1600 Officers, including 45 Generals, and from 700 to 1000 pieces of cannon. The surrender of the Prussian army under D'York, which took place on the 30th December, is not, of course included in the above statement. The killed and wounded could not have amounted to less than 200,000 more, making a total of between 300 and 400,000 men; sacrificed to the ambition of one individual.

These papers state, that a French frigate had arrived at Portsmouth, (Eng.) a prize to a British frigate; and, that an English Indianman had just arrived in the Downs, which had been captured by an American privateer off the Western Islands, and was re-captured by a British man of war.

On the 27th of February, in lat 33, 34, long 72; the *Anna*, Capt. Ulfsparr, arrived at this port from Gottenburgh, was boarded by Admiral Cockburn, with 7 sail of the line and a brig of war, from Bermuda, bound to the Chesapeake.

The London papers state, that 19 sail of the line, several large frigates, and five bomb vessels, are instantly to proceed to the coast of America, to join the enemy's squadron now on our coast.

The *Moniteur* states that Bonaparte has just given orders for 20,000 men, 6,000 horses, 600 waggons, and ten millions franks, in money, to be sent to his armies in Spain.

BRITISH SUBJECTS.

The Marshal for this district has received instruction to cause all British subjects to repair to the interior of the country, forty miles from any tide-water

within the United States. He is empowered in cases where the British subjects resided in his district previous to the Declaration of War with Great-Britain, and not being concerned in commerce, to permit their stay, upon condition that they obtain his passport for one month, and have the same renewed monthly.

ALBANY, March 2.

SACKETT'S HARBOUR. Our citizens have been agitated for the two last days with rumours of the capture of this important place, and the destruction of the flotilla lying there, by the British. Lieut. C Mills, we understand, left Sackett's Harbour at one o'clock on Thursday, and states that at that time all was well. It was understood, however, that the governor of Lower Canada is at Kingston, collecting a military force, obviously designed for an attack upon that place.

Nuptial.

MARRIED.

By the Rev. Mr. Brady, on Thursday 25th Feb. Mr. John T. Behagen, to Mrs. Betson, both of this city.

By the Rev. Mr. Brady, on Thursday evening March 4th, Mr. Jacob Vanderbilt, to Miss Eliza Wiley, both of this city.

By the Rev. Mr. Geisenhainer, Mr. Herman Youngs, to Miss Eliza Ulsheffer, all of this city.

By the Rev. John McNeice, Mr. John Ramsay, formerly of the county Antrim, to the amiable Miss Mary Ann Wilson, formerly of the county of Down, Ireland, at present of this city.

By the Rev. Mr. Willison, Mr. Thomas Bennett, aged 73 years, pilot, to the amiable Mrs. Elizabeth Ingraham, widow, aged 19 years, all of this city.

By the Rev. John Williams, Mr. James McCall, merchant, to Miss Emily Gallop, all of this city.

By the Rev. Mr. Cooper, Mr. Wm. Leary, to Miss Sally Ann Keating, both of this city.

By the Rev. Dr. Moore, Mr. James Short, to Miss Eleanor Wilson, both of this city.

By the Rev. Mr. Spring, Mr. Ezra Ayres, to Miss Jane Lott, all of this city.

Be it right or be it not

She has her Ayres and he his Lot.

Obituary.

DIED.

In the 52d year of his age, Mr. Isaac Stoutenburgh. Daniel Mack, jun. Esq. attorney at law, aged 25 years.

Mr. George Shep, after a short illness, aged 58 years and 10 months.

In the 26th year of his age, Mr. John Westervelt.

On the 3d inst. in this city, Mrs. Ann Mott, aged 80 years.

At Middletown-Point, Mr. Samuel Loudon, late Printer, in his 86th year, one of the best of men.

In the 49th year of his age, Capt. John Montgomery, late in the Philadelphia trade.

After a long and painful illness, Mr. Abraham Varick, formerly a merchant of this city, in the 63d year of his age.

At his seat in Clermont, the Hon. Robert Livingston, formerly chancellor of this state, and lately minister from the U. States at the Court of St. Cloud.

At Cooper's Town, William Dowse, Member of Congress, from the 15th Congressional District of this state.

On the Road from Wilna to Paris, Joel Barlow, Minister from the U. States to the Court of St. Cloud.

On board the United States frigate *Constitution*, at sea, 28th January, of wounds received in the action with the "Java," Lieut. John Cushing Aylwin, of the U. S. navy. He entered the service about the time war was declared, as a Sailing-Master, and was promoted to a Lieutenant for his gallant conduct in the action with the "Guerriere." He was an officer of great merit, and esteemed by all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance. In him his country has suffered a great loss. He had seen much of the world, and improved his opportunities of observation—possessed of a strong mind, with much benevolence of disposition.

In the action with the *Guerriere*, he was wounded in the shoulder, and that with the *Java*, when called to repel the boarders, he mounted the quarter-deck hammock-cloths, and in the act of firing his pistols at the enemy, he received a ball thro' the same shoulder, which proved mortal.

Seat of the Muses.

The following beautiful lines is from Walter Scott's Lyric Pieces.

In the opening of 1805, a young gentleman of talents, and of a most amiable disposition, perished by losing his way on the mountain Hellvellyn. His remains were not discovered till three months afterwards, when they were found guarded by a faithful terrier bitch, his constant attendant during frequent solitary rambles through the wilds of Cumberland and Westmoreland.

HELLVELLYN.

I CLIMBED the dark brow of the mighty Hellvellyn,
Lakes and mountains beneath me gleamed misty and wide;

All was still, save, by fits, when the eagle was yelling,
And starting around me the echoes replied.
On the right, Stridenedge round the Redtarn was bending,
And Catchedicam its left verge was defending,
One huge nameless rock in the front was ascending,
When I marked the sad spot where the wanderer had died.

Dark green was that spot mid the brown mountain-heather,

Where the pilgrim of nature lay stretched in decay,
Like the corpse of an outcast abandoned to weather,
Till the mountain winds wasted the tenant-less clay.
Nor yet quite deserted though lonely extended,
For, faithful in death, his mute favourite attended,
The much loved remains of her master defended,
And chas'd the hill fox and the raven away.

How long didst thou think that his silence was slumber;

When the wind waved his garment, how oft didst thou start;
How many long days and long weeks didst thou number,

Ere he faded before thee, the friend of thy heart?
And, Oh! was it meet, that, no requiem read o'er him,
No mother to weep, and no friend to deplore him,
And, thou little guardian alone stretched before him,
Unhonoured the pilgrim from life should depart?

When a prince to the fate of the peasant has yielded,
The tapestry waves dark, round the dim-lighted hall:

With scutcheons of silver the coffin is shielded,
And pages stand mute by the canopied pall:
Through the courts, at deep midnight, the torches are gleaming;

In the proudly arched chapel the banners are beaming;
Far adown the long aisles sacred music is streaming,
Lamenting a chief of the people should fall.

But meetest for thee, gentle lover of nature,
To lay down thy head like the meek mountain lamb;
When, wildered, he drops from some cliff huge in stature,

And draws his last sob by the side of his dam.
And more stately thy couch by this desert lake lying,
Thy obsequies sung by the gay plover flying,
With one faithful friend but to witness thy dying,
In the arms of Hellvellyn and Catchedicam.

YORKSHIRE HUMPHREY;

OR,

TWO HEADS BETTER THAN ONE.

AS Yorkshire Humphrey, t'other day,
O'er London Bridge was stumping;
He saw, with wonder and delight,
The water-works a pumping.

Numps gazing stood; and, wond'ring how
This grand machine was made;
To feast his eyes, he thrust his head
Betwixt the ballustrade.

A sharper, prowling near the spot,
Observes the gaping lout;

And soon, with fish-hook finger, turns
His pocket inside out.

Numps feels the twitch, and turns around—
The thief, with artful leer,
Says—"Sir, you'll presently be robb'd;
For pick-pockets are near."

Quoth numps, "I don't fear London thieves;
I's not a simple youth:
My guinea, Measter's, safe enough;
I've put 'n in my mouth!"

"You'll pardon me!" the rogue replies;
Then, modestly retires:
Numps re-assumes the gaping post,
And still the works admires.

The artful prowler takes his stand,
With Humphrey full in view;
When, now, an infant thief drew near,
And each the other knew.

Then, thus the elder thief began—
"Observe that gaping lout!
He has a guinea in his mouth,
And we must get it out."

"Leave that to me!" young Filcher says,
"I have a scheme quite pat;
Only observe, how neat I'll queer
The gaping country flat!"

By this time, Numps, who gaz'd his fill,
Was trudging thro' the street;
When the young pilf'rer, tripping by,
Falls prostrate at his feet.

"O Lord! O dear! my money's lost!"
The artful urchin moans;
While halfpence, falling from his hand,
Roll jingling o'er the stones.

The passengers now stoop, to find,
And give the boy his coin;
And Humphry, with the friendly band,
Deigns cordially to join.

"There are your pence," quoth numps, "my boy
Be zure thee hauls 'em faster!"
"My pence!" quoth Filch: here are my pence;
But where's my GUINEA, master?"

"Help! help! good folks: for God's sake, help!"
Bawls out this hopeful youth—
"He pick'd my guinea up, just now,
And has it in his mouth!"

The elder thief was lurking near,
Now close to Humphrey draws;
And seizing on his gullet, plucks
The guinea from his jaws!

Then roars out—"Masters, here's the coin;
I'll give the child his guinea!
But, who'd have thought to see a thief,
In this same country ninny!"

Humphrey, astonish'd thus begins—
"Good measters! hear me pray!"
But—"Duck him, duck him!" is the cry.
At length he sneaks away.

"Ah! now," quoth Numps, "I will believe,
What often I've heard zaid;
That London thieves would steal the teeth,
Out of a body's head!"

A LITTLE TALE.

AT a tavern one night,
Messieurs More, Strange, and Wright,
Met to drink, and got thoughts to exchange:
Says More, "Of us three,
The whole town will agree,
There is only one knave, and that's Strange."

"Yes," said Strange (rather sore)
"I am sure there's one more,
A most terrible knave, and a bite;
Who cheated his mother,
His sister and brother—"
"O yes," replied More, "that is Wright."

Morality.

LEARNING, ITS OBSTRUCTIONS.

SO many hindrances may obstruct the acquisition of knowledge, that there is little reason for wondering that it is in a few hands. To the greater part of mankind the duties of life are inconsistent with much study, and the hours which they would spend upon letters must be stolen from their occupations and their families. Many suffer themselves to be lured by more sprightly and luxurious pleasures from the shades of contemplation, where they seldom find more than a calm delight, such as, though greater than all others, if its certainty and its duration be reckoned with its power of gratification, is yet easily quitted for some ex-temporary joy, which the present moment offers, and another perhaps will put out of reach.

It is the great excellence of learning that it borrows very little from time or place; it is not confined to season or climate, to cities or the country, but may be cultivated and enjoyed where no other pleasure can be obtained. But this quality, which constitutes much of its value, is one occasion of neglect; what may be done at all times with equal propriety, is deferred from day to day, till the mind is gradually reconciled to the omission, and the attention is turned to other objects. This habitual idleness gains too much power to be conquered, and the soul shrinks from the idea of intellectual labour and intenseness of meditation.

That those who profess to advance learning sometimes obstruct it, cannot be denied; the continual multiplication of books not only distract choice but disappoint enquiry. To him that has moderately stored his mind with images, few writers afford any novelty, or what little they have to add to the common stock of learning is so buried in the mass of general notions, that like silver mingled with the ore of lead, it is too little to pay for the labour of separation; and he that has often deceived by the promise of a little at last grows weary of examining, and is tempted to consider all as equally fallacious.

DR. JOHNSON.

THE POLITICAL CREED OF A DEALER IN PIGS.

A patriotic candidate, who offered himself as the representative of a Kentish borough, told a yeoman to whom he applied, that if he was returned member, he would exert all his influence to turn out the ministry. "The devil you will!" replied the yeoman, "the devil you will! Then I promise, you shall not have my vote; for I am not for changing 'em, be they good or bad. I know well enough how it is with my hogs; when I buy them in lean, they eat the devil and all; but when they have once grown a little fat, the keeping 'em is not half so expensive. So that I am for keeping the present set—a new herd would devour more."

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